

Magic About You by harringrovecryptid

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Summary:

Steve thought he lived in a good, quiet, seaside town. He thought fairy tales were for children. He thought his life was destined for mediocrity.

But everything changed when he discovered a blond stranger chained up inside a tool shed.

Magic About You

Author's Note:

- For [Weirdlet](#).

This was a request from Weirdlet as a voting reward (thank you again)!

As always the titles for my fics are based off of song lyrics. This one is brought to you by From Eden by Hozier.

As god is his witness, Steve was just minding his own business.

He was never one to stick his nose in other people's personal affairs, a habit that was frowned upon in the small seaside town he called home.

But there is a huge difference between looking the other way when Hopper snuck out of the Byers' house when he was supposed to be on duty, and ignoring a boy chained up in Brenner's tool shed.

The door was only partially ajar, but Steve was still able to see the unconscious figure curled up on the floor.

Before he'd even fully thought it through, Steve was jumping the fence and slipping into the shed, closing the door behind him.

Brenner was out on his boat and wouldn't be back until tonight.

Steve got on his knees and pressed his head against the other boy's chest, listening for a heartbeat. He tried not to think about why the stranger didn't have any clothes.

The telltale thumping was there, but it was weak. Probably freezing to death with nothing but a tarp to protect him from the ocean breeze. Leaning back, Steve surveyed the grim scene.

A boy around his age was shackled to a wall, with the adjacent door just out of reach.

Steve had never seen the boy before, which was strange considering how small their town was. He had blond curly hair and tanned skin. But there was something off about this stranger. Almost ethereal. Maybe it was how still he was, or maybe it had something to do with the long delicate eyelashes that ghosted against his cheekbones. He was beautiful.

But no matter who he was, or what he looked like, no one deserved to be kept like an animal.

Steve stood and dug around the shed until he found some bolt cutters. Every loud second that passed which didn't lead to the other boy waking or even stirring began to frighten Steve. He needed to free him now!

Finally, he found some rusty cable cutters at the bottom of a crate. Steve almost sliced off his own fingers in his haste to free the other boy.

The chains eventually gave, leaving only an iron manacle around the captive's ankle. But Steve could worry about that later.

"You're okay, you're okay, you're okay..." Steve repeated in a soothing whisper and he gently lifted the boy up and began to half-carry him out of the shed.

Steve paused at the door. *What the hell was he supposed to do now?*

He couldn't just carry a naked and unconscious teen through town. The people here kept to themselves, but they loved to gossip.

There was an abandoned cottage, Steve remembered, on the outskirts of town. As long as no one saw them on the way, then they might be okay...

Steve looked around the shed until his eyes landed on what looked like a fur skin hanging next to the door, cruelly just out of reach of the freezing blond.

Steve had no idea Brenner was capable of this kind of cruelty.

Without a second thought, Steve grabbed the fur and draped it over

the other boy. It'll keep him warm, and hopefully free from prying eyes.

Steve considered himself extremely lucky that no one crossed his path on the way to the cottage.

The place was dusty and drafty, but there were still some old books, furniture, and most importantly quilts, left behind by the previous resident.

A cloud of dust mites puffed into the air when Steve set the blond down on an old couch by the fire. It gave the still unconscious youth a kind of angelic air, making the beams of sunlight visible as they illuminated and warmed his features.

Steve had never seen anyone like him.

The next thing he did once his charge was comfortable, was get a fire started. It worried him that the other boy hadn't stirred at all the whole trip. He looked dead, and if it weren't for his now-steady breathing Steve would have assumed he was.

The sun was beginning to set, and Steve had already gone out twice for more kindling, but still the blond hadn't woken up.

Steve draped another quilt over the fur and other blankets that now almost buried the blond. He still hadn't had a chance to find some clothes, but for now his modesty was preserved.

What's your name? Steve wondered to himself.

Standing, he surveyed the small cottage that was their temporary shelter. His feet carried him to the small stack of books that lay abandoned by the couch. Fingers ghosting along the spines, Steve chose one randomly and read the title: *Treasure Island*.

Seemed promising. Turning open the pages, Steve read one of the lines.

“Black Dog as ever was, come for to see his old shipmate Billy, at the Admiral Benbow inn...”

Steve looked from the book to the sleeping boy on the couch, with hair like spun gold.

“Billy,” he tried the name out for size and nodded, “that’ll do for now.”

Steve closed the book and walked back to the couch, sitting down in front of the fire and pulling a blanket around his frame. He looked over his shoulder at Billy. “But you’re going to have to wake up, so you can tell me your real name, okay?”

Billy didn’t respond. But his eyelids fluttered back and forth as if in a dream.

Steve sighed and curled up next to the couch, hand hesitantly reaching out and holding Billy’s that was hanging off the couch. His own eyes began to drift close, letting Billy’s soft breathing lull him into a deep sleep.

Steve was rudely awoken by the feeling of someone tripping over his face and onto the floor.

“Shit!” he clutched his face and rolled over, squinting open one eye to see who the perpetrator was.

Billy was fumbling to his feet; his eyes were wild with fear and his hands were coated in soot from the fire the night before. He was also still clutching the fur blanket to his chest.

“Oh! You’re awake!” When Steve stood, Billy pressed himself against the opposite wall. Each move caused the manacle around his ankle to rattle. “We should get that off.”

Steve stood and went back to where he left the bolt cutters by the front door. “I should have removed that last night but-”

Billy flinched away and growled when Steve knelt in front of him.

“Whoa, hey...” Steve held out a calming hand. “It’s okay. I’m just trying to help.”

Billy didn’t move again as Steve gently reached for his ankle and began working at the metal with the bolt cutters.

Steve had a lot of questions. He wanted to know why Billy had been locked up in shed. Why he hadn’t spoken a word since he woke up. Where he came from.

But with every passing minute he was beginning to get the sense that *something* was off about Billy.

“It would be nice to know your name.” Steve spoke softly.

No response.

“I’ve been calling you Billy. You know, from Treasure Island?”

Still no response.

“I think it suits you. I can keep calling you that if you want.”

Finally, the manacle fell from around Billy’s ankle. He hadn’t moved or spoken yet. The fur skin was the only thing keeping him from being entirely naked, although he didn’t seem to notice or care.

Billy gasped and reached for his freed appendage.

“There, that’s better.” Steve smiled and stood, brushing hair out of his eyes and nodding to himself.

Eventually Billy looked up and stared at Steve in awe. “Free?”

“So you do speak.” Steve’s smile broadened.

Billy looked down at the fur in his arms and clutched it closer to his chest before looking up at Steve through his thick eyelashes, a single curly strand of hair falling in his face. “You free me?”

Steve took a step back and shrugged. Billy finally speaking did

nothing to alleviate the oddness he was sensing. “Yeah, yeah of course you’re free.”

Billy moved with a speed that Steve wasn’t expecting. Without a second thought he had darted across the room, thrown open the cottage door, and bolted outside.

“Billy!” Steve screamed and ran after him. He was still naked, and there was no knowing who Billy would encounter.

He chased him down the empty open road, trailing behind as Billy seemed to be leading him closer and closer to the ocean. More specifically, closer towards the cliffs.

“Billy stop!”

He felt his heart seize up at Billy didn’t stop, and instead wrapped the fur skin around his shoulders and preparing to leap off the cliff’s edge. Steve quickened his pace, lungs screaming in protest as he tried to reach Billy before it was too late.

Steve jumped a moment before Billy did. Reaching out to grasp the blond and pull him back to safety. But instead it only resulted in them both falling over the edge.

Earthy, windswept grass and clay disappeared beneath Steve’s feet and was replaced with the deep blue ocean far below. For a moment he felt weightless, like a bird flying against the wind.

But the rapidly approaching sea reminded Steve that he was about to drown, if the ocean’s impact or rocks hidden beneath the waves didn’t kill him first.

Steve opened his mouth to scream, but the wind whipping past his face and through his hair also stole the breath from his lungs. So instead, he squeezed his eyes shut and drew his arms across his face, a useless attempt at shielding himself from his fate.

But suddenly there was another hand lacing through Steve’s fingers and holding him tight.

He opened his eyes again and looked to his side where Billy was

falling right next to him.

And maybe it was the lack of oxygen, or the tears welling up in Steve's eyes because he was about to die, but he could have sworn Billy's eyes were changing from the color of the sky to the color of the deepest seas, pooling into the rest of his eyes until Steve couldn't see white anymore.

The last thing Steve saw before he hit the water was Billy's calm and reassuring smile, and the fur still wrapped around his shoulders to tight it almost looked like a second skin.

Steve jolted awake, coughing up sea water and gripping handfuls of sand as his entire body shuddered from dry-heaving.

What had happened?

Leaning back on his hands, Steve squinted from the bright sunlight and looked around.

He was on a beach, but not one that looked familiar. The sand was fine and almost white compared to the dark pebbled beaches he was used to. Steve was far from home.

"You're awake."

Steve flipped around in surprise. Billy was sitting on sand behind him, still as naked as the day he was born with the fur skin resting next to him.

Steve looked around again, cheeks flushing at Billy's nakedness and cocky smile. "What happened?"

Billy scooped down so he was sitting next to Steve. Shoulder to shoulder. "You saved me. And I saved you."

Steve looked from Billy's bright blue eyes to his full lips, then finally to the fur pelt still as Billy's side. "You brought us here, didn't you."

Billy's smile remained steady, but Steve watched as his jaw visibly set with caution.

"Yes." He finally said. No more, no less, but Steve could tell he understood what was really being asked.

A Selkie, as far as Steve knew, was a myth. A fairy tale that mothers used to tell their children while their fathers were off at sea.

Steve grew up with those stories. He believed in them when he was little. But now...

Now a Selkie was sitting right next to him, having apparently just saved his life and swept him away to some remote island.

Steve dug his heels into the soft sand and watched as small crabs chased the shoreline.

"Are you alright?" Billy's spoke softly.

"Yes... I think so? I don't know..." Steve shook his head.

Billy turned away to the ocean. His voice was cautious, almost resigned. "Do you want to go back home?"

Steve thought about the town he left. A place too small for its own good where his neighbors hid terrible secrets inside their tool sheds. He'd miss Joyce, and even Hopper. But the only future Steve had in that town was fixing nets and gutting fish until he died.

"No." Steve finally admitted, conscious of the way Billy's entire framed seemed to relax at his answer.

"Okay." Billy turned and smiled into his tanned arm, looking up at Steve again through his lashes.

"Okay." Steve smiled back. This time not trying to hide the blush that crept up his neck.

They remained like that for a while, just basking in each other's presence.

Steve slowly leaned forward, whispering even though it wasn't necessary. As far as he knew, they were the only ones on this island. Which was a thought that send a shiver up Steve's spine.

"It would be nice to know your real name."

The blond leaned in toward Steve's face, eyes lowering towards his mouth.

"Billy is just fine with me." He whispered against Steve's slightly parted lips before capturing them in a deep kiss.

Author's Note:

Please comment and let me know if you liked this!